an underground agitator, Nikolai. The party was officially represented by an obscure Bolshevist organizer, Anton, as stupid and arrogant when he was drunk as on the rare occasions when he was sober. Without contesting his authority as the link between the group and the party, I did my best to keep him from appearing on the platform. When the speakers' group was recognized as a cell of the party, Anton explained to us that as members of an underground organization we should all use assumed names. I chose the most inconspicuous name I could think of, a name as common in Russia as Smith or Jones in this country, and thus became Sergei Petrov for many years.

The Mensheviks had a group of their own. Speakers of both factions appeared together at the meetings, and there was no visible difference in their political programs. Both pretended to represent the working class, while the S-R considered themselves representatives of the tillers of the soil.

In the public eye, the Bolsheviks represented the left wing of the S-D party and the Mensheviks, the right wing. I am not sure that this was the difference. I think the difference at that time was psychological, rather than theoretical or philosophical. The Mensheviks were more pedantic, the Bolsheviks more active. Temperamentally, I was closer to the latter; intellectually, I remained closer to Petrazhitsky than to either faction of the S-D party.

A MEETING AT NIGHT

Many times the workers who attended the meetings in the University said to me, "Too bad all our people can't come here!" "Why can't they?" I asked. The answer was always the same: "Too far from our plant!" In fact, some of our guests had to walk two or three hours to get to the University. Some returned home at three or four o'clock in the morning and had barely two hours of sleep before they left for work.

It was very hard to take the meeting closer to the factories. The factory precincts were heavily patrolled by mounted police. Platoons of Cossacks were kept in readiness at strategic points. An illegal meeting in the open air could end in bloodshed. It seemed possible to hold flying meetings here and there, with the crowd ready to disperse at the approach of the Cossacks, but the psychological effectiveness of such meetings would be doubtful.

Unexpectedly, I was called to an outdoor meeting in the heart of a factory precinct. That evening, the agrarian program was to be discussed in the students' mess. All our meeting speakers were present,